MANSION OF EXISTENCE
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THE MANSION OF EXISTENCE

By

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Dedication

This book is dedicated with profound gratitude and love to my brothers, ASIF MEHMOOD VASEER and TARIQ SHAHEEN VASEER.

It was in the warmth of their intellect, their inspiring companionship, and their enduring presence that the delicate seed of literary passion was first planted within my soul. Whatever words I have found to express the depths of existence, I owe to the quiet nurturing of their company**.**

Foreword

Every creator, in truth, is but a translator of those echoes that resonate within the fearsome caverns of his own inner being — echoes that for the ordinary human consciousness remain either inaudible or incomprehensible. The present work, "The Mansion of Existence," is one such intellectual and spiritual endeavor in which the human self is presented not merely as a compound of flesh and bone, but as a complex universe of contradictory states, conflicting desires, opposing emotions, and parallel waves of consciousness.

This book, by virtue of its style, its metaphorical approach, and its allegorical mode of expression, immerses the reader in an inner dialogue where man stands in the courtroom of his own self, locked in battle with the mysteries of his own existence. Every word is like a shard of glass that, even when shattered, does not lose its luster; every sentence is like the feather of a wounded bird that whispers in its desperate struggle to fly.

In this composition, human emotions are not presented merely as psychological events, but are endowed with a

living, dynamic, and rational existence. Envy, love, anger, fear, hope, hatred, altruism, and desire — none of these remain abstract concepts here; rather, they appear as claimants to a kingdom. A kingdom whose crown rests upon the head of the heart, whose ministry is entrusted to reason, and whose duty of eloquence is performed by the tongue and the face.

This work is, in essence, an allegorical narrative of that eternal struggle between good and evil in which no emotion is, in and of itself, either absolute good or absolute evil. Rather, its direction, its measure, and its place of application determine its true nature. Love, if it exceeds the bounds of moderation, becomes weakness; and anger, if it is tempered by the measure of wisdom, takes the form of honor and protective zeal.

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Prologue

One day, within the hidden chambers of the human inner self, a strange tumult arose. Emotions, which ordinarily lay wrapped in the velvet curtains of silence, became restless to prove the truth of their own existence. It was a spectacle as if, in a sleeping forest, thousands of birds suddenly began to beat the air with their wings, setting the very atmosphere to rhythm.

Love, in whose lap lay the fragrance of the red rose and the moisture of dew, spoke with great tenderness: "I am that force which makes man human. Without me, the heart is but a piece of flint — a lifeless stone upon which neither grass grows nor flowers bloom."

Against her, Anger, who blazed like the fire of Nimrod, roared: "If I am not, who will demolish the fortress of oppression? When the tyrant raises his staff, who will straighten the weak necks that bow before him?"

Fear, who dwelt in a corner like a trembling shadow, spoke in a low voice: "My existence is the very foundation of caution. If I am gone, man will wander into the valley of destruction, fall into unseen wells, lose himself in dark pathways."

Meanwhile, Pride, adjusting his crown of self-conceit, declared: "I am that force which shows man the dream of heights. Otherwise, he would remain lying in the dust, unaware of the revolution of planets, unfamiliar with the light of stars."

Hope, shining like the ray of a new dawn, said: "Because of me, lamps are lit even in dark nights. Without me, life becomes a colorless tale — bitter in its beginning and bitter in its end."

Thus each emotion was occupied in proving its existence more luminous than the sun and its effect more indispensable than the wind. This war of words sometimes roared like tempestuous waves, sometimes dissolved into whispers. But none was willing to bow before another. Finally, it was decided that the verdict of this dispute should be delivered not in any ordinary gathering but in the court of King Cordell, where the wisdom of Lord Sage, the minister, would become a lighthouse of truth, unveiling reality.

The Adornment of the Court

When the appointed day dawned, an uncanny solemnity was diffused through the air, as if time itself was aware of the significance of this moment. The Palace of the Heart was adorned with such splendor that it seemed not an ordinary gathering but a place where the secrets of the universe were about to unfold. Upon the walls hung pictures of emotions — here the gleam of laughing joy, there the silent moisture of grief, elsewhere the soft radiance of love.

On the floor were spread velvet carpets upon which, as soon as one stepped, it felt as if one were stepping upon a soft thought. From the ceiling hung lamps that twinkled as if the stars of hope were shining in the bosom of darkness. Everything possessed a symbolic beauty — lamps not of light but of insight, carpets not of softness but of the depth of feeling, and walls not merely of bricks but mirrors of the history of experiences.

In the center of the court was installed a high and lofty throne, upon which the king was to appear resplendent. By his side was placed a seat for the minister, neither lower than the throne nor equal to it — as if to signify that in the kingdom of King Cordell, Lord Sage held the position of advisor, not ruler, yet his importance was no less than any other.

Madam Loquita and Sir Spector

First came Madam Loquita. When she entered the mansion, it felt as if silence had found words. An eloquence, a musicality, and an impact were born in the atmosphere, as if every emotion now longed to express itself. She appeared as an articulate, witty, and charming personality. Her garments were of bright yet balanced colors, as if the beauty and order of words were reflected in them.

Yet within her being lay a dual quality — this same Madam Loquita could sometimes become a balm, and sometimes a sword. It felt as if she were that force that conveys the heart's emotions to the world, but if she becomes unbridled, those same words become wounds — like a sharp-edged flower: beautiful to behold, dangerous to touch.

After her appeared Sir Spector. He was skilled in creating pictures of emotions, carrying his expressions like a living mirror. His garments were of light and changing colors, as if every moment a new state was imprinting itself upon him — sometimes bright, sometimes dim, sometimes red, sometimes yellow — as if the color of emotions was inscribed upon him.

King Cordell and Lord Sage

When King Cordell appeared resplendent upon the throne of the Mansion of Existence, it felt as if the center of the cosmos, with all its gravity, had contracted into a single

point. In his presence, every emotion, every thought, every feeling lost its own significance and began to revolve around him, like planets circling the sun.

The king's garments were a beautiful synthesis of deep red, golden, and white — as if love, sacrifice, and purity had condensed into a single being. From his chest emanated a dim yet continuous light, as if the lamp of life might never be extinguished. Sometimes he felt like the wisdom of Solomon, who understood the language of every creature, and sometimes like a just king who makes justice his emblem.

When Lord Sage entered the mansion, a seriousness, an order, and a cool light spread through the air. It felt as if a strong wall of reason had been erected upon the turbulent waves of emotions. His garments were of white, grey, and blue — as if logic, thought, and breadth of vision had gathered into a single being. Sometimes he recalled the logic of Aristotle, and sometimes he seemed a reflection of the wisdom of Avicenna.

Mr. Flint

Madam Loquita, after a slight clearing of the throat, announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen of the emotions! In this important session today, we first invite a guest upon whose arrival the

lamps of peace are extinguished and the candle of reason begins to tremble. Welcome — Mr. Flint!"

When Mr. Flint entered the mansion, the atmosphere changed instantly. It felt as if clouds had suddenly thundered in the sky and a sharp flash of lightning had torn through the peace. He was a towering figure with a red face and piercing eyes. His garments were of deep red and black, as if blazing fire had been wrapped in darkness.

He spoke in a thundering voice:

"I am Mr. Flint! That force which turns the weak into the strong, that spark which blazes forth as light in the darkness of oppression. I am that emotion which gave the oppressed the courage to stand before tyrants. Without me, honor dies, self-respect vanishes, and man becomes a senseless stone."

Lord Sage rose from his seat and spoke in a balanced tone:

"O Flint! You are indeed a force, but every force, if it becomes uncontrollable, becomes a cause of destruction. You are the fire that, if kept within the hearth, cooks food, but if it blazes forth, burns down the house. Under your influence, man utters words that wound deeper than any sword. How many relationships are swept away in the storm of a single moment of yours!"

Mr. Flint fell silent for a moment. In the redness of his eyes, something like a little moisture seemed to dissolve, and his flames began to dim.

Madam Loquita said: "This was Mr. Flint — a force that, if controlled, is a protector, and if uncontrollable, becomes destruction!"

Lady Carys

The flames of Mr. Flint had not yet fully died when a delicate fragrance began to spread through the air. Madam Loquita announced with a smile:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Now we invite that being without whom the universe is incomplete, at whose touch stones turn to wax and thorns become gardens. Welcome — Lady Carys!"

When Lady Carys entered the Mansion of Existence, it felt as if spring itself had taken human form. Her garments were a beautiful blend of soft pink, golden, and light white — as if the first ray of dawn had paused upon a rose petal. Sometimes she appeared restless like the tale of Layla and Majnun, and sometimes she became an image of patience in the trials of Joseph and Zuleikha.

She spoke softly:

"I am Lady Carys — the emotion upon which the foundation of this universe is laid. I immortalized the stories of Layla and Majnun, I gave soul to Rumi's verses, and I am the secret that connects the servant to his Creator. I place balm upon wounds, I mend broken hearts, and I extinguish the fire of hatred."

The minister said:

"O Lady Carys! You are indeed the most beautiful force in the universe, but every beauty comes with a trial. You blind man — he ceases to see reality, seeing only what his heart wishes to see. You are the wine that, if within measure, brings intoxication of joy, but if exceeded, steals away consciousness."

Lady Carys listened to the minister's words in silence. Upon her lips was a faint smile — as if she considered her weaknesses also a part of her beauty.

Madam Loquita said: "This was Lady Carys — the queen of the kingdom of hearts, who is both balm and trial!"

Lady Odiuma

The fragrance of Lady Carys had not yet completely dissolved when a strange bitterness began to seep into the air, as if someone had dropped a drop of poison into clear water. Madam Loquita announced with seriousness:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Now we call forth a being who possesses the ability to turn even light into darkness. Welcome — Lady Odiuma!"

From a corner of the mansion emerged a cold, heavy, and dark shadow. Her eyes were cold and sharp, like pointed icicles, in which there was neither softness nor light — only the gleam of rejection and distance. Lady Odiuma sometimes appeared like the rebellion of Iblis, who refuses to bow, and sometimes like the silent scream of a broken heart.

She spoke: "I am Lady Odiuma — the force that creates distances, that reminds man of his limits. Without me, love becomes blind — it could not distinguish between good and evil. I am the line drawn between truth and falsehood."

The minister said:

"O Lady Odiuma! You appear to be a protector, but often you yourself become the greatest enemy. You find a place in the heart and slowly hollow it out — like a termite that consumes wood from within. You are the poison that is drunk to kill others, but it destroys the drinker first."

Lady Odiuma stood silent. In the darkness of her eyes, for a moment, a slight tremor appeared — but it immediately deepened again.

Madam Loquita said: "This was Lady Odiuma — a line that, if drawn in the right place, is protection, and if exceeded, becomes separation!"

Miss Joy

The shadows of Lady Odiuma had not yet fully faded when suddenly a ray of light brightened everything. Madam Loquita announced with a smile:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Now we invite that being who fills hearts with light. Welcome, Miss Joy!"

When Miss Joy stepped into the mansion, it felt as if the morning of Eid had appeared in all its splendor. Her garments were a beautiful blend of light yellow, golden, and sky-blue — as if spring had gathered all its colors into one being. In her walk there was an innocent bounce, as if a child, drenched in rain, were trying to catch a rainbow.

She spoke: "I am Miss Joy! The light that extinguishes the darkness of the heart. I make every moment of life beautiful, I create great smiles in small joys."

The minister said: "O Miss Joy! You are the most beautiful emotion of life, but like every light, you too have shadows. Sometimes you distance man from reality. You are the flower that spreads fragrance, but if not cared for, instead of joy, decline sets in."

Miss Joy listened to Lord Sage's criticism in silence, and with a faint smile, scattered light upon her face.

Madam Loquita said: "This was Miss Joy — the light of life that gives radiance to every heart!"

Lord Zelos

The light of Miss Joy had not yet fully settled when a strange bitterness began to seep into the air. Madam Loquita announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Now we call forth a being who brings forth the hidden desires of hearts. Welcome — Lord Zelos!"

When Lord Zelos entered the mansion, a strange tension and restlessness arose in the air — it felt as if, in a lush green garden, a venomous snake had suddenly raised its head. His garments were of deep green and black, like an old scar upon a fresh wound. He sometimes appeared like Cain, who harbored poison in his heart against his own brother.

He said: "I am Lord Zelos — the emotion that forces man to better his ability. If I were not, man would be content with his condition and close the paths of progress."

The minister said: "O Zelos! You appear to lead man toward effort and awareness, but often you yourself become the

greatest poison. You place bitterness in man's heart, consume his joys, and create gulfs in relationships. You are a shadow in the midst of light, but if you exceed your limit, you push man into darkness."

Lord Zelos listened to the minister's words in silence, and for a moment, a softness appeared in his eyes — but that moment immediately passed.

Madam Loquita said: "This was Lord Zelos — an emotion that possesses the ability to push man forward, but if uncontrollable, becomes the poison of the heart's darkness!"

Lord Galen

The bitterness of Lord Zelos had not yet faded from the air when a peaceful light touched the atmosphere. Madam Loquita said softly:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Now we invite a being who gives peace to the heart. Welcome — Lord Galen!"

When Lord Galen entered the mansion, it felt as if the soft, golden light of evening had placed its hand upon the shoulder of a tired traveler, giving him peace. His garments were a beautiful blend of light khaki, green, and white — as if the breeze flowing through some verdant valley had gathered earth and sky together. Sometimes he appeared like a Sufi

mystic, sometimes like a farmer who, after his labor, looks toward the sky and offers gratitude.

He said: "I am Lord Galen! The feeling that bestows peace upon the human heart. I am that force that reduces envy and restlessness, that connects man to his inner tranquility."

The minister said: "O Lord Galen! You are comfort for the heart, but sometimes excessive peace makes man sluggish. You are an ocean of calm, but sometimes that ocean becomes so deep that man forgets the boat of his own struggle."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Lord Galen — an emotion that creates balance between heart and mind, and makes every moment of life complete!"

Lord Tremor

The soft light of contentment had not yet fully settled when a cool and serious wind suddenly blew through the air. Madam Loquita announced in a dim but serious tone:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Now we invite a being who creates caution, confusion, and doubt in the human heart. Welcome — Lord Tremor!"

Lord Tremor appeared as a thin, trembling, and frightened being. His garments were of faded grey and black, like a night wrapped in fog. He sometimes felt like the silence of

the night, where every sound seems a threat, and sometimes like a child who, terrified by thunder, hides in his mother's embrace.

He said: "I am Lord Tremor — the being that warns man of dangers, that makes him cautious. I am the protection that saves man from harm."

The minister said: "O Lord Tremor! Without you, man could be reckless, but excessive fear paralyzes man. You are the chain that keeps some things safe, but often closes the path to freedom as well."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Lord Tremor — an emotion that protects man, but if it exceeds its limit, it limits his life!"

Madam Nadia

The whisper of Lord Tremor had not yet fully dissolved when a soft but radiant light began to blend into the air. As Madam Nadia entered the mansion, it felt as if, from behind thick clouds, a soft, golden ray of sun was eager to touch the earth. Her garments were a delightful blend of light green, golden, and sky-blue — as if the first sprout of spring had opened its eyes in a golden morning. Sometimes she appeared like the patience and faith of Jacob, who hoped for light even in darkness, and sometimes like a lamp that refuses to be extinguished even in a storm.

She said: "I am Nadia! The emotion that shows man light in every dark hour. I am the force that strengthens the heart, that gives the assurance that every difficulty has a solution. I teach that after every night comes morning, after every storm comes calm."

The minister said: "O Madam Nadia! You are the light and courage of man's heart, but excessive hope sometimes turns its face away from reality. Your light sometimes does not show man the truth of darkness, and he, in the spell of hope, forgets his own safety."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Madam Nadia — light in darkness, courage in difficulties, and the emotion that generates new energy in the heart!"

Miss Maris

The bright rays of Nadia had not yet fully bloomed when suddenly a heavy, cold, and dull silence fell over the air. Madam Loquita announced in a slow but impactful tone:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Now we invite a being who dims the light of the heart, who suppresses man's hopes, who casts a dark shadow over every moment of joy. Welcome — Miss Maris!"

When Miss Maris entered the mansion, a heavy and deep shadow spread over the atmosphere. It felt as if the sun had

suddenly hidden behind clouds and every path of light had been closed. Her garments were of deep black and dim grey, as if the darkness of night had soaked itself in tears. Her face was withered and lightless, as if someone had extinguished the candle of hope.

She spoke: "I am Miss Maris — the emotion that makes man aware of his reality, that reminds him of earthly truths after every success. I teach that not every dream need come true, not every desire is fulfilled."

The minister said: "O Maris! You teach man realism, but in excess, you chain him to the ground. Under your influence, man loses his courage, his passion, and his hope, gives up on every opportunity. You are a shadow against hope, and if you exceed your limit, man's inner radiance is completely extinguished."

Miss Maris listened to the minister's words in silence, and for a moment, an emptiness spread over her face.

Madam Loquita said: "This was Miss Maris — an emotion that teaches man realism, but if it exceeds its limit, it freezes the heart and mind!"

Miss Satisfia

After the heavy shadow of Miss Maris came Miss Satisfia. When she entered the mansion, it felt as if, with the first call

to prayer at dawn, a spiritual peace had descended upon the air. Her garments were a beautiful blend of light golden, white, and earthy colors — as if the earth, giving thanks to the sky, had bathed itself in light. Sometimes she recalled the prayer of Solomon — "This is from Your grace" — and sometimes she appeared like a beggar who is content with little.

She spoke: "I am Miss Satisfia — the emotion that gives man awareness of every blessing in his life. I teach that every small joy, every small moment is important."

The minister said: "O Miss Satisfia! You are light and peace for the heart, but in excess, you can make man inactive. You teach man to value every blessing, but sometimes excessive gratitude makes him neglectful of dangers."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Miss Satisfia — the power that teaches the value of every blessing of life, that softens the heart, and keeps the mind balanced!"

Madam Tristan

After the light of Miss Satisfia came Madam Tristan. Madam Loquita announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Now we invite a being who awakens silent pain, grief, and incomplete memories in hearts. Welcome, Madam Tristan!"

Madam Tristan appeared as a silent, bowed, and fog-wrapped being. Her garments were of light grey, blue, and black — like the sad sky after rain. Her eyes were moist, like raindrops that had paused upon a windowpane.

She spoke: "I am Madam Tristan — the emotion that allows man to look within himself, to confront his shortcomings and memories. I remind man of his humanity, I strengthen the sensitivity and softness of his heart."

The minister said: "O Madam Tristan! You are the representative of the depth and sensitivity of the human heart, but in excess, you render man inactive. If your intensity exceeds its limit, man's hope, courage, and love all grow dim."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Madam Tristan — an emotion that creates depth of heart, sensitivity, and compassion, but if it exceeds its limit, it dims the colors of life!"

Lady Annora

After sadness came Lady Annora. When she entered, it felt as if a balm gently placed upon a wounded heart was slowly showing its effect. Her garments were a blend of light blue, white, and soft pink — as if the sky had taken the earth's sorrow into its embrace. Sometimes she appeared like the forgiveness of Joseph, who, even after suffering oppression,

kept softness in his heart, and sometimes like a mystic who makes others' sorrow his own.

She spoke: "I am Lady Annora — the emotion that gives man the power to feel others' pain and joy. I teach that every person's story is important, every pain is worthy of respect."

The minister said: "O Lady Annora! You soften the human heart and connect it with others, but if you exceed your limit, man loses his own boundaries. If your intensity exceeds its limit, man leaves behind even his own joys and needs."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Lady Annora — the one who connects hearts, scatters love, and creates closeness in society!"

Madam Modesta

After Annora came Madam Modesta. Madam Loquita announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Now we invite a being who creates embarrassment, hesitation, and self-awareness within man. Welcome, Madam Modesta!"

Madam Modesta appeared as a thin, bowed, and silent being. Her garments were of light pink, soft red, and grey — as if someone had hidden light behind the veil of modesty. Her eyes were lowered, as if she avoided even meeting her own

gaze. She sometimes recalled the repentance of Adam and Eve, when they realized their mistake.

She spoke: "I am Madam Modesta — the emotion that makes man feel his mistakes, that forces him to analyze his own self. I give man self-awareness, I strengthen his character."

The minister said: "O Madam Modesta! You create ethics and self-awareness in man, but if you exceed your limit, you rob man of his courage and confidence. Your intensity can render man inactive, can prevent him from new experiences."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Madam Modesta — the power that creates ethics and self-awareness in heart and mind, but if excessive, weakens man's courage!"

Lord Audax

After Modesta came Lord Audax. When he entered the mansion, it felt as if the sun was rising in all its splendor from the peak of a high mountain. His garments were a beautiful blend of deep blue, golden, and white — as if the vastness of the sky and the light of the sun had gathered into one being. Sometimes he appeared like the faith of Moses, who did not waver even before the sea, and sometimes like an eagle that, flying high, leaves the earth below.

He spoke: "I am Lord Audax — the emotion that makes man believe in his own abilities, that gives him the courage to face every difficulty and challenge."

The minister said: "O Lord Audax! You strengthen and resolve the heart and mind of man, but if you exceed your limit, you plunge man into pride and excessive self-confidence. Confidence is beneficial in moderation, but if it exceeds its limit, man's softness and his relationships with others can be affected."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Lord Audax — the emotion that creates faith in every heart and courage in every step!"

Miss Errata

After Audax came Miss Errata. Madam Loquita announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Now we invite a being who creates restlessness, anxiety, and uncertainty in the human heart and mind. Welcome, Miss Errata!"

Miss Errata appeared as a thin, fast-moving, and restless being. Her garments were of dull grey, yellow, and light blue — like scattered, disordered clouds in the sky. Her breaths were rapid and irregular, as if with each breath the heartbeat also quickened. She sometimes felt like a traveler who had lost his way in a dark night.

She spoke: "I am Miss Errata — the emotion that warns man of dangers, possible problems, and unknown situations. My presence makes man cautious, encourages him to reflect upon his decisions."

The minister said: "O Miss Errata! You are a being who creates awareness of caution and dangers for man, but if you exceed your limit, man's decisions are affected. Your intensity can create distrust in man's heart and mind."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Miss Errata — the power that creates cautious awareness in the human heart and mind, but if excessive, weakens courage and confidence!"

Lord Leon

After Errata came Lord Leon. He appeared as a courageous, tall, and formidable personality. His garments were a beautiful blend of red, golden, and steel colors — as if fire and steel had melted into one being. Sometimes he recalled the fearlessness of Abraham, who did not abandon truth even before fire, and sometimes he appeared like a lion that roams the jungle fearlessly.

He spoke: "I am Lord Leon — the emotion that gives man the strength to face fear, difficulties, and uncertain situations."

The minister said: "O Lord Leon! You give man courage and strength, but if you exceed your limit, man may take foolish

risks. Courage is beneficial in moderation, but if it exceeds its limit, man's decisions can become dangerous."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Lord Leon — the emotion that creates courage, strength, and the power to face dangers in the human heart and mind!"

Lord Altair

After Leon came Lord Altair. Madam Loquita announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Now we invite a being who creates excessive pride, self-conceit, and self-confidence in the human heart and mind. Welcome, Lord Altair!"

When Lord Altair entered the mansion, a heavy, hot, and dominant quality spread through the air. It felt as if the sun was taking everything into its grip with its light. His garments were a blend of golden, deep red, and black. Sometimes he recalled the arrogance of Pharaoh, who took pride in his power.

He spoke: "I am Lord Altair — the emotion that makes man feel his abilities, successes, and importance. I create self-confidence in the human heart and mind."

The minister said: "O Lord Altair! You create self-confidence and strength in the human heart and mind, but if you exceed your limit, man ignores the opinions, love, and compassion of

others. Your intensity hardens the human heart and mind, makes it selfish, and sometimes lonely."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Lord Altair — the emotion that creates self-confidence in the human heart and mind, but if excessive, affects relationships and ethics!"

Sir Cedric

After Altair came Sir Cedric. When he entered the mansion, it felt as if the soft light of morning had descended into the shade of an old tree, and everything in the air had stilled. His garments were a blend of light sky-blue, white, and green — as if a bridge had been built between earth and sky. Sometimes he felt like the meditation of a Sufi, who, far from the turbulence of the world, finds peace in his heart, and sometimes like a lake, upon whose surface both tranquility and beauty exist simultaneously.

He spoke: "I am Sir Cedric — the emotion that creates contentment, harmony, and inner balance in the human heart and mind."

The minister said: "O Sir Cedric! You give man peace and harmony, but excessive effect can weaken man's motivation, energy, and courage. Peace is beneficial in moderation, but if it exceeds its limit, man's decisions can become sluggish."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Sir Cedric — the emotion that creates contentment, peace, and inner harmony in the human heart and mind!"

Lord Orion

After Cedric came Lord Orion. When he entered the mansion, it felt as if spring had suddenly breathed new life into the dry leaves of autumn. His garments were a blend of vibrant red, golden, and orange — as if a flame was burning in all its radiance. Sometimes he felt like a revolutionary youth who is determined to change the world, and sometimes like a poet whose words set hearts on fire.

He spoke: "I am Lord Orion — the emotion that creates energy, dedication, and passion in the human heart and mind."

The minister said: "O Lord Orion! You give man passion and dedication, but if you exceed your limit, man can become reckless or careless. Zeal is beneficial in moderation, but if it exceeds its limit, the chances of unnecessary risks increase."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Lord Orion — the emotion that creates energy, dedication, and passion in every moment of life in the human heart and mind!"

Sir Avaran

After Orion came Sir Avaran. Madam Loquita announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen! Now we invite a being who creates greed, desire, and excessive demand in the human heart and mind. Welcome, Sir Avaran!"

When Sir Avaran entered the mansion, a heavy, sticky, and suppressed heat spread through the air. It felt as if a dark shadow was advancing to swallow the light. His garments were of deep green, black, and golden. He sometimes became an allusion to the materialism of Korah, who did not learn contentment even under the burden of treasure, and sometimes like a thirsty one who, even after drinking the sea, is not quenched.

He spoke: "I am Sir Avaran — the emotion that creates demand, desire, and the passion for progress in the human heart and mind. My presence encourages man to achieve more, to progress."

The minister said: "O Sir Avaran! You create the energy of demand and progress in the human heart and mind, but if you exceed your limit, man becomes selfish and unbalanced. Your intensity creates greed and unnecessary desire in the human heart and mind, and can affect the simplicity and peace of life."

Madam Loquita said: "This was Sir Avaran — the emotion that creates demand, desire, and the motivation for progress

in the human heart and mind, but if excessive, becomes harmful!"

The Council of Disputation

After Lord Sage had delivered his balanced critique of each emotion in turn, and before King Cordell rose to pronounce his final verdict, a strange murmur began to ripple through the assembly. The emotions, who had thus far listened in silence to one another's claims and the minister's refutations, grew restless. They had not come to this court merely to be judged by reason alone — they had come to speak to one another, to measure themselves against their rivals, to prove their supremacy not before the throne of the heart alone but before the entire congregation of existence.

Madam Loquita, sensing the shift in the atmosphere, stepped forward and announced:

"Your Majesty, King Cordell, the emotions request a new proceeding. Before you deliver your final judgment, they wish to speak not to the minister alone, but to one another. They wish to debate, to clash, to confront. They wish to prove their worth not through reason's lens alone but through the fire of mutual contest."

King Cordell inclined his head slowly, like a mountain considering whether to allow an avalanche. A faint smile

played upon his lips — that same smile that could be either mercy or severity, depending on the need.

"So be it," he said. "Let them speak. Let them contend. But let them remember — this is a court of truth, not a battlefield of chaos."

Lord Sage added in his measured tone: "I shall remain silent. Let them reveal themselves to one another. The heart listens best when reason holds its tongue."

Thus began the Council of Disputation.

Mr. Flint, whose red garments still smoldered like embers after his exchange with Lord Sage, rose from his seat. His eyes swept across the assembly like flames seeking fuel.

"I have heard the minister's words," he growled, "and I have accepted his truth — that I may burn the house if uncontrolled. But now I speak to you, my fellow emotions. Tell me, O Lady Odiuma, what are you without the fire of my rage? Your hatred is but a cold, dead thing — a frozen lake that never thaws. I am the furnace that gives your ice meaning. Without me, your distances are mere indifference, not loathing. Without me, your boundaries are empty walls, not fortresses."

Lady Odiuma's cold eyes glittered like icicles in moonlight. "You flatter yourself, Mr. Flint. My hatred needs no fire to

sustain it. I am the winter that freezes the heart from within — slow, patient, eternal. Your rage is a bonfire that burns bright and dies. Mine is the frost that never thaws. You destroy in a moment; I erode over centuries. Which is more terrifying — a sword that kills swiftly, or a poison that works silently in the veins for years?"

Mr. Flint's flames flared. "At least I am honest! I announce my coming. I roar. I warn. You creep like a shadow, pretending to be nothing, and then — one day — the heart wakes up and finds itself hollowed out."

"A hollow heart," Lady Odiuma replied, "is still a heart. A burnt heart is ash."

Lady Carys rose then, her pink and golden garments shimmering like dawn breaking through clouds. Her voice was soft but carried further than any shout.

"You speak of destruction, both of you. But tell me this — what is a fortress worth if no one lives within it? What is a winter worth if spring never follows? I am the season that follows both. I am the warmth that thaws your ice, Mr. Flint, and the rain that extinguishes your fire, Lady Odiuma. Without me, your hatred and your rage are empty — they fight nothing, defend nothing, destroy nothing worth destroying."

Lord Zelos, who had been watching from the shadows with his green and black garments blending into the darkness, spoke without rising. "You speak of love as if it were the answer to everything. But I have seen what love does. I have seen lovers destroy themselves for you. I have seen mothers sacrifice their children for you. I have seen kings go to war for you. You are not a balm, Lady Carys — you are a fever. And I am the chill that follows."

Lady Carys turned to him, her eyes not angry but sorrowful. "You mistake the wound for the knife, Lord Zelos. Love does not destroy — excess destroys. Obsession destroys. And you, who feed on the misery of others' good fortune, you know nothing of love's true nature. You see a flower and weep because it is not yours. I see a flower and rejoice that it blooms anywhere at all."

Miss Joy suddenly laughed — a sound like silver bells in a silent cathedral. The tension in the room cracked like ice in spring.

"You are all so serious!" she exclaimed, bouncing to her feet. "Mr. Flint burns buildings, Lady Odiuma freezes hearts, Lady Carys drowns souls in tears, and Lord Zelos poisons every celebration. But I — I make life worth living. Without me, your rage is empty noise, your hatred is pointless cold, your love is a duty without delight, your envy is a labor without hope. I am the reason man wakes in the morning. Not for

love, not for hate, not for vengeance — but for the simple, foolish, glorious joy of being alive!"

Lord Galen, whose garments held the stillness of evening, spoke quietly. "Joy is a visitor, Miss Joy. She comes and goes as she pleases. But I remain. I am the silence after the music, the rest between the notes. Without me, your joy exhausts itself. You burn bright and then you are gone. I am the hearth where the fire rests."

"The hearth is empty without the fire," Miss Joy retorted, still smiling. "You are a beautiful room with no one in it, Lord Galen. Peace without delight is merely numbness. I am the delight that makes peace precious."

Lord Tremor, who had been trembling in his corner like a leaf before a storm, now spoke in a voice so soft that all had to lean forward to hear.

"You call me fear. You call me weakness. But without me, none of you would survive long enough to feel anything at all. I am the caution that keeps the gazelle from the lion's jaw. I am the alarm that wakes the sleeper before the fire reaches the door. I am the mother's hand that pulls the child back from the cliff. Without me, O Mr. Flint, your rage would walk into walls of spears. Without me, O Lady Carys, your love would embrace wolves. Without me, O Miss Joy, your celebration would dance on graves."

Madam Nadia rose, her light green garments shimmering like new leaves. "You speak of protection, Lord Tremor. But I have seen what you become. The caution that saves becomes the prison that confines. The alarm that wakes becomes the nightmare that never ends. I am hope — and hope is not the denial of fear, but the courage to walk through it. Without me, your fear is a cage. With me, it becomes a door."

Lord Tremor trembled more violently. "And when hope fails, Madam Nadia? When the door opens onto an abyss? What then?"

"Then," said Miss Maris, rising from her seat in her deep black garments, "then there is me. I am the floor at the bottom of the abyss. I am the truth that hope denies. I am the voice that says: you have fallen, and there is no ladder. Without me, hope becomes delusion. I am the ground. I am the real."

Miss Satisfia, in her golden and earthy garments, spoke then, her voice like a prayer at dawn. "You are all necessary, and you are all dangerous. But I — I am the balance. I am the joy that does not need celebration. I am the peace that does not need silence. I am the hope that does not need fulfillment. I am the gratitude that looks at what remains, not at what has been lost. You speak of climbing, of burning, of freezing, of fearing. I speak of breathing. Just breathing. And finding that enough."

Lord Audax rose to his full height, his blue and golden garments blazing like the sky at noon. "Enough? Enough is the word of those who have stopped striving. I am the hunger for more. I am the refusal to be content. I am the hand that reaches for the unreachable star. Without me, man would still live in caves. Without me, there would be no pyramids, no compass, no flight, no healing of diseases. I am the divine discontent that drives civilization. Your satisfaction, Miss Satisfia, is a comfortable grave. I am the restless spirit that refuses to lie down."

Miss Errata, her grey and yellow garments fluttering with her constant motion, interjected: "And your restlessness, Lord Audax, has killed more men than any plague. I am the anxiety that asks — what if? What if the star is too high? What if the cave is safer? What if the price is too great? I am the brake on your speeding chariot. Without me, you would drive off every cliff without looking."

"I would rather die climbing," Lord Audax declared, "than live sitting still."

"Then you will die," said Miss Errata, "and I will survive. For I am the voice that keeps others alive."

Madam Tristan, whose garments held the grey of evening rain, spoke without raising her head. "You argue about living and dying, rising and falling. But I — I am the one who

remembers. When the fire is ash, when the ice has melted, when the joy has faded, when the fear has passed, when the hope has failed or succeeded — I remain. I am the memory of what was. I am the ache of loss. I am the sweetness of what can never return. Without me, your victories are shallow and your defeats are meaningless. I give depth to all of you."

Lady Annora rose then, her light blue and soft pink garments flowing like a gentle stream. "Depth without connection is merely drowning, Madam Tristan. I am the hand that reaches into your sorrow and pulls toward another. I am compassion — not the feeling of pain, but the sharing of it. Your sadness isolates; my empathy unites. Without me, grief is a solitary prison. With me, it becomes a bridge."

Madam Modesta, whose pink and grey garments seemed to hide her face even as she rose, spoke in a voice that barely carried. "And I — I am the voice that says: you have done wrong. I am the blush that rises when the lie is told. I am the shame that turns the face away. Without me, there is no learning. Without me, arrogance grows unchecked. I am the small, quiet door through which virtue enters the soul."

Lord Altair laughed — a sound like brass struck against stone. "Shame? Virtue? I am pride, and I tell you that shame is the enemy of greatness. Every monument ever built, every empire ever conquered, every masterpiece ever painted — all were born not of shame but of pride. The belief that I can,

that I am, that I will. Without me, man is a worm. With me, he is a god — even if only in his own eyes."

"And in his own eyes alone," said Sir Cedric, his sky-blue and white garments tranquil as a summer morning. "Pride without humility is a tree without roots. It stands tall for a season, then falls. I am the peace that comes from knowing one's place. Not a lower place, not a higher place — but one's true place. Without me, your pride is a fever; your ambition, a madness; your joy, a frenzy. I am the center, the still point, the balance that makes all other emotions sustainable."

Lord Orion leapt to his feet, his red and orange garments flaming like a sunset on fire. "Sustainable? Balance? You speak as if life were a thing to be preserved, like a dried flower pressed between pages. I am passion! I am the fire that consumes and creates in the same breath. I am the madness that writes the poem, the frenzy that paints the masterpiece, the obsession that discovers the star. Without me, your balance is still water — and still water breeds no life. I am the storm. I am the seed breaking open. I am the birth that kills the womb."

Sir Avaran, his green and black garments glistening like oil on dark water, spoke last. "And I am the hunger that never ends. You speak of passion, Lord Orion, but your passion fades when the poem is written, when the painting is finished, when the star is named. I do not fade. I am the hunger for

more — more poems, more paintings, more stars, more wealth, more power, more life. Without me, contentment becomes stagnation. I am the engine that never stops. I am the desire that outlives every satisfaction."

Lord Sage, who had remained silent throughout, now rose. His white, grey, and blue garments seemed to absorb all the fire and ice, all the passion and stillness of the assembly.

"You have all spoken," he said, "and you have all revealed yourselves. Each of you is necessary. Each of you is dangerous. The fire that warms the home can burn it down. The ice that preserves can kill. The joy that lifts can intoxicate. The sorrow that deepens can drown. The hope that inspires can deceive. The despair that grounds can imprison. The pride that builds can blind. The shame that corrects can paralyze. The passion that creates can consume. The greed that drives can devour."

He turned to King Cordell, who had listened to all with eyes that held both storm and stillness. "Your Majesty, these are the forces that dwell within your kingdom. None is evil in itself. None is good in itself. They are tools, not masters; servants, not kings. They become poison or medicine depending on the hand that wields them, the intention that directs them, the limit that contains them."

King Cordell's final words

King Cordell stood. The light from his chest — that dim but perpetual flame — brightened until it filled the entire mansion. Every emotion, no matter how fiery or frozen, was bathed in its radiance.

"I have heard you," the king said. "Not as individuals, but as a chorus. And here is my truth, which is also my judgment:

"None of you is the king. I am the king. The heart is the throne. Reason is the minister. Eloquence and expression are the heralds. And you — you are the forces that move through my kingdom. You are not evil. You are not good. You are energy — pure, potent, and neutral.

"Your goodness or evil comes from intention and limit. Love with the intention to possess becomes tyranny. Anger with the intention to protect becomes justice. Fear with the intention to preserve becomes wisdom. Joy with the intention to escape becomes delusion. Envy with the intention to improve becomes ambition. Peace with the intention to avoid becomes cowardice. Hope with the intention to deny becomes foolishness. Despair with the intention to accept becomes clarity.

"Go now. Return to your places within me. But remember this — you are not the master. I am. You are the weather, not

the climate. You are the waves, not the ocean. You are the guests, not the host.

"And the host — the heart — chooses which guest to welcome, which to restrain, which to send away.

"This is my verdict. This is my truth. This is the law of the Mansion of Existence."

Silence fell upon the assembly — a silence deeper than any they had known. Then, one by one, the emotions bowed: first Lord Sage, then Madam Loquita and Sir Spector, then Mr. Flint, then Lady Carys, then all the others. Even Lady Odiuma lowered her cold eyes. Even Lord Altair bent his proud neck. Even Sir Avaran closed his greedy hands in a gesture of acceptance.

The mansion grew still. The lamps dimmed to their soft, watchful glow. And the heart — King Cordell — returned to his throne, not as a tyrant over his emotions, but as a shepherd over his flock, a gardener over his garden, a king over his kingdom.

And the kingdom, for that moment, was at peace.